WASHINGTON MAN DESCRIBES SINKING

Muffled Blow and Lurch Only Warning to Laconia, Says Floyd P. Gibbons.

GRAPHIC TALE OF HORRORS

Passengers Were Talking of Possibilities of Attack When Torpedo Came.

(Continued from First Page.) and he has told me that he saw their lifeless bodies washed out of the sinking boat.

(United States Consul Frost at Cork reported to the embassy in London yesterday that Mrs. Hoy and her daughter had escaped in a lifeboat which was swamped They were picked up, he said, by another boat, but soon died from exposure. They were buried at

The American survivors are Mrs. F E. Harris, of Philadelphia, who was the last woman to leave the Laconia; the Rev. Father Wareing, of St. Jo seph's Seminary, Baltimore; Arthur T. Kirby, of New York, and myself.

Chicago Woman Saved.

A former Chicago woman, now the wife of a British subject, was among the survivors. She is Mrs. Henry George Boston, the daughter of Granger Farwell, of Lake Forest.
After leaving New York, passengers

and crew had had three drills with the lifeboats. All were supplied with life-belts and assigned to places in the twelve big lifeboats poised over the side from the davits of the top deck. Submarines had been a chief part of the conversation during the entire trip, but the subject had been treated lightly, although all ordered precau

tions with strictly in force.

After the first explanatory drill on the second day out from New York, from which we sailed on Saturday, February 17, the "abandon ship" sig-nal, five quick blasts of the whistle, had summoned us twice to our life belts and heavy wraps (with a flask and a flashlight) and to a roll call in front of our assigned boats on the top

Knew of Their Peril.

On Sunday we knew generally we were in the danger zone, though we did not know definitely where we were-or at least the passengers did

In the afternoon, during a short chat with Capt. W. R. D. Irvine, the ship's commander, I had mentioned that I would like to see a chart and note our position on the ocean. He replied: "Oh, would you?" with a smiling, rising inflection that meant "It is jolly well none of your business." Prior to this my cheery early morn-

ing steward had told us that we would make Liverpool by Monday night, and I used this information in another question to the captain. When do we land?" I asked.

"I don't know," replied Captain Ir. our ne; but my steward told me later it had would be Tuesday, after dinner.

The first cabin passengers were gathered in the lounge Sunday evening, with the exception of the bridge fiends in the smoke room. "Poor Butterfly" was dying wearily on the

About the tables in the smoke room stewards. Before the fireplace was a away. little gathering which had been dubbed the Hyde Park Corner-an allusion I don't quite fully understand

Iomatic Service, returning with an Foundaries, bed to the surface immediately, interjected: "Considering the zone "It's Duggan," shouted a man

Called It A Fizzer. "We're hit!" shouted Mr. Chetham.

"That's what we've been waiting for," said Mr. Jerome. "What a lousy torpedo!" said Mr.

the forward doors as we entered.

It was dark on the landing leading of oars, spara and rigging on the seat down to the promenade deck, where the first class staterooms were jo-

boat decks were illuminated. That il- warm, lumination saved lives.

The torpedo had hit us well astern not noticed the deck lights before. Throughout the voyage our decks had blow up, and there's just tons and tense to the control of the contro

the ropes. I started to help near a davit that seemed to be giving trouble, but was stoutly ordered to get out of the way and get into the boat.

Only One Hysterical. We were on the port side, practically opposite the engine well. Up

and down the deck passengers and crew were donning lifebelts, throwing on overcoats and taking positions in the boats. There were a number of women, but only one appeared hysterical—little Miss Titale Siklosi. a French-Polish actress, who was being cared for by her manager, Cedric P. Ivatt, appearing on the passenger

ward from the captain's bridge, leav-ing a comet's tail of fire. I watched it as it described a graceful are in the black void overhead, and then with an audible pop it burst in a flare of brilliant colors.

There was a tilt to the deck. It

was listing to starboard at just th angle that would make it necessary to reach for support to enable one to stand upright. In the meantime elec-tric floodlights—large white enam eled funnels containing clusters of bulbs had been suspended from the promenade deck and illuminated the dark water that rose and fell on the slanting side of the ship.

"Lower away," some one gave the order, and we started downward with a jerk toward the seemingly hungry rising and falling swells.

Suspended in Midair.

Then we stopped with another jark and remained suspended in midals while the men at the bow and the stern swore and tusseled with the lowering ropes. The stern of the boat was down, the bow up, leaving us at an angle of about 45 degrees. We clung to the seats to save ourselves from failing out.

"Who's got a knife? A knife! a knife!" bawled a sweating seaman in the how.

"Great God! give him a knife." bawled a half-dressed, gibbering negro stoker, who wrung his hands, in the stern

the stern.

A hatchet was thrust into my hand, and I forwarded it to the bow. There was a flash of sparks as it crashed down on the holding pulley. One strand of the rope parted and down plunged the bow, too quick for the stern men. We came to a jerky stop, with the stern in the air and the bow down but the stern managed to love down, but the stern managed to lower away until the dangerous angle was

Then both tried to lower together The list of the ship's side became greater, but instead of our boat slid-ing down it like a toboggan, the taffrail caught and was held. As the lowering continued the other side dropped down and we found ourselves clinging on at a new angle and looking straight down on the water.

Saved From Falling Over.

A hand alipped into mine and a voice sounded huskily close to my ear. It was the little old German Jew travel ing man who was disliked in the smoker room because he used to speak too certainly of things he was uncer-tain of and whose slightly Teutonic dialect made him as popular as small-

pox with the British passengers.

"My boy, I can't see nothing," he said, "My glasses slipped, and I am failing. Hold me, please."

I managed to reach out and join hands with another man on the other

side of the old man and together we held him in. He hung heavily our arms, grotesquely grasping all he had saved from his stateroom—a goldheaded cane, and an extra hat.

Many feet and hands pushed the
boat from the side of the ship and
we sagged down again, this time

smacking squarely on the pillowy top of a rising swell. It felt more solid Butterfly was dying wearily on the talking machine and several couples were dancing.

Just Bids and Orders

About the tables in the smoke room. the conversation limited to the an as the entangling ropes that held us nouncement of bids and orders to the to the sinking Laconia were cut and back, and with it my flashlight.

Man Jumped to Water.

Some shout from that confusion of sion I don't quite fully understand.

This group had about exhausted available discussion when I projected a new bone of contention.

"What do you say are our chances of being torpedoed." I asked.
"Well," drawled the deliberate Mr. Henry Chetham, a London solicitor, "I should say four thousand to one." Lucien J. Jerome of the Eritish Dip plunged into the water three feet matic Service, returning with an from the edge of the boat. He bob

interjected: "Considering the zone interjected: "Considering the zone and the class of this ship, I should put it down at two hundred and fifty to one that we don't meet a sub."

At this moment the ship gave a of the little Canadian, our fellow saloon passenger. We pulled him saloon passenger. sudden lurch sideways and forward, saloon passenger. We pulled him There was a muffled noise like the over the side. He spluttered out a siamming of some large door at a mouthful of water and the first words

anamning of some large door at a mouthful of water and the first words good distance away. The slightness he said were:

"I wonder if there is anything to the report compared with my imagination was disappointing. Every man in the room was on his feet in an in to loosen the rope to this boat. I loosened it and then got tangled up in the post went down but I was The boat went down but I was

jerked up. 1 jumped for it." How They Tempted Fate.

His first reference concerned out deliberate tempting of fates early lous about their plight and the pros-

dor leading from the smoking room at the stern to the lounge, which was of the ship its receding terrace amidships. We were running, but lights stretched upward. The sthere was no panic. The occupants was slowly turning over. We we of the lounge were just leaving by opposite that part occupied by the

My pocket flashlight, built manned on either side of the boat.

The gibbering built headed negro was pulling directly behind me and I on the landing. • was pulling directly behind me and I We reached the lower deck. I turned to quiet him as his frantic rushed into my stateroom, grabbed reaches with his our were hitting me-life preservers and overcoat and in the back. In the dull light from made my way to the upper deck on the upper decks I looked into his that same dark landing.

Illumination Saved Lives, and his lips moved convulsively. Be sides being frightened the man was freezing in that thin cotton shirt that electric switch box in the wall and composed his entire upper covering. turning on the switch. Instantly the He would work feverishly to get

"Get away from her, get away on the starboard side and had missed from her," he kept repeating. "When the engines and the dynamos. I had the water hits her hot boilers she'll

Throughout the voyage our decks had remained dark at night and all cabin port holes were clamped down and all windows covered with opaque paint.

The illumination of the upper deck. on which I stood, made the darkness of the water, sixty feet below, appear all the blacker when I peered added to the confusion by cursing an attempt had been made to sing pear all the blacker when I peered added to the confusion by cursing an attempt had been made to sing a matempt had been mad

CONCERT TODAY

Y THE U. S. SOLDIERS' HOME BAND ORCHESTRA, STANLEY HALL AT 4:20 P. M.

JOHN S. M. ZIMMERMANN, Director March, "New York Hippodrome". Souss Overture: "Rio Grande". Bergenholtz Idyl. "Sbadow Land". Gilbert Selection, "The Girl of my Dreams"

Fox Trot, "Come On Along". Van Aletyns Waltz Suite, "Sweet Menorias"... Joyce Request, "Whiatling Rufus"... Mills Finale, "The Irisk King.... Pryor "The Star Spangled Banner."

Ist as from New York.

Steam began to hiss somewhere
from the giant gray funnels that towered above. Suddenly there was a
roaring swish as a rocket soared uppassenger, with whom I had talked
passenger, with whom I had talked passenger, with whom I had talked before. He was bound from Nova Scotia with codfish. schooner, the Secret, had broken in two, but he and his crew had been

Had to Have Spokesman.

He had sailed from there on the Ryndam, which, after almost crossing the Atlantic, had turned back. The aconia was his third attempt to get home. His name is Captain Dear. "The rudder's gone, but I can steer with an oar," he said. "I will take charge, but my voice is gone. You'll have to shout the orders."

There was only one way to get the attention of the crew, and that was by an overpowering blast of profan-ity. I did my best, and was rewarded by silence while I made the announce ment that is the absence of the ship's officer assigned to the boat, Captain Dear would take charge.

There was no dissent and under the captain's orders the boat's head was being swamped by the increasing

We rested on our oars, with all eyes on the still lighted Laconia. The torpedo had struck at 10:30 p. m., acording to our ship's time. It was thirty minutes afterward that another a noticeable drop in the hulk, told its story of the second torpedo that the submarine had dispatched through the engine room and the boat's vitals from a distance of 200 yards. We watched silently during the next

minute, as the tiers of lights dimmed slowly from white to yellow, then to red, and nothing was left but the murky mourning of the night, which

hung over all like a pall. A mean, cheese-colored crescent of a moon revealed one horn above a rag bundle of clouds low in the disrag bundle of clouds low in the dis-tance. A rim of blackness settled around our little world, relieved only by general leering stars in the zenith, and where the Laconia's lights had shone there remained only the dim outlines of a blacker hulk standing out above the water like a jagged headland, silhouetted sgainst the overcast sky. overcast sky.

Slid silently down

The ship sank rapidly at the stern until at last its nose stood straight in the air. Then it slid silently down and out of sight like a piece of disappearing scenery in a panorama spectacle

Boat No. 3 stood closest to the ship and rocked about in a perilous sea of clashing spars and wreckage. our boat's crew steadied its head into the wind, a black hulk, glistening evil and standing about eight feet above the surface of the water, ap-boat and mine sweeper, the nex proached slowly and came to a stop opposite the boat and not six feet from the side of it.

"What ship was dot?" the correct words in throaty English with a German accent came from the dark hulk, according to Chief Steward Ballyn's statement to me later. Laconia," Ballyn answered. "The "Vot?

"The Laconia, Cunard Line," re

sponded the steward. Asked About Passengers "Vot did she weigh?" was the next question from the submarine.

"Eighteen thousand tons." "Any passengers?" "Seventy-three," replied Ballyn.

them in this boat. She had over 200 in the crew.

"Well, you'll be all right. The patrol will pick you up soon," and with-out further sound save for the al-most silent fixing of the conning tower lid, the submarine moved off. "I thought it best to make my ar swers truthful and satisfactory, sir said Ballyn, when he repeated the conversation to me word for word. I was thinking of the women and minute that somebody in our boat might make a hostile move, fire a revolver, or throw something at the submarine. I feared the consequences of such an act."

Survivors Analous.

There was no assurance of an early pick-up, even though the promise were from a German source, for the rest of the boats, whose occupants-

"What a lousy torpedo:" said Mr.

It must have been a fizzer."

I looked at my watch. It was 10:30. Then came the five blasts on the whistle. We rushed down the corrising.

As we pulled away from the side. We made preparations for a slege from the clouds looked omnous. There was a good promise of rais. February has a reputation for nasty weather in the North Atlantic. The wind was cold and seemed to be rising. Our boats sel. obbed about like a cork on the swells, There was a tangle which fortunately were not choppy.

"How much rougher weather could the boat stand." This question and the conditions were debated pro and "Had our rockets been seen? Did the first torpedo put the wireless out of business? Did anybody hear our S O S? Was there enough food and drinking water in the boat to

Result of Inventory.

That brought us to an inventory of our small craft, and after much difficulty we found a lamp, a can of powder flares, a tin of ship biscuits, matches and spar oil.

The lamp was lighted. Other lights were visible at small distances every time we mounted the creat of the swells. The boats remained/ quite close together at first. One boat came within sound, and I recognized the Harry Lauder-like voice of the sec-

ver the edge at my station boat every one.

It was the give way of nerve tender the boat was loading up sion. It was bediam and nightmare.

Already, the boat was loading up sion. It was bediam and nightmare.

darkness resulted in an abandon-

Warmth of Language. "Who is the officer in that boat?" came a cheery hail from a nearby

light. "What the hell is it to you!" bawled out our half frozen negro, for no rea-son imaginable other than, possibly,

the relief of his feelings.

"Brain him with a pin, somebody."
yelled our profound oathsman, and accompanied this with a warmth of language that must have relieved the

negro's chill. The fear of some of the boats crashing together produced a general inclination toward further separation on the part of all the little units of survivors, with the result that soon the small craft stretched out for several miles, all of them endeavoring to keep their heads in the wind.

Saw First Light.

And then we saw the first lightthe first sign of help coming—the first searching glow of white brilliance, deep down on the sombre sides of the black pot of night that hung over us. I don't know what direction that came from-none of us knew north from south—there was nothing but water and sky. But the light-it just came from over there where we pointed.

We nudged violently sick boatmates and directed their gaze and aroused them to an appreciation of the sight

our feeble efforts to attract it.

Baker Stood Treat.

We nevertheless wasted valuable time and the ship's baker, self-or-dained custodian of biscuit tin, did the honors handsomely to the extent of a biscuit apiece to each of the twenty-three occupants of the boat.

We pulled, pulled, lustily, forget ting the strain and pain of innards torn and racked from pain, vomiting —oblivious of blistered hands and

wet, half frozen feet. "Crap-Shooting Finger." Then a nodding of that finger of

light a happy, snapping, crap-shooting finger that seemed to say: "Come on, you men," like a dice player woo ing the bones. the fact, for immediately the coming side lights and we saw it was headed

r our position. We floated off its stern for awhile as it maneuvered for the best position in which it could take us on with the

side. down to us, and orders began to flow fast and thick.

Rescued At Last.

When I look back on the night, I ardous, our descent from the Laconia minute the swell lifted us almost level with the rail of the low-built patrol boat and mine sweeper, the next re ceding wave would carry us down into a gulf over which the ship's side glowered like a slimy, dripping cliff.
A score of hands reached out, and we were suspended in the husky, tattored arms of those doughty Brit-ish jack tars, looking up into the weather beaten, youthful faces, mumbling thanks and thankfulness and reading in the gold lettering on their pancake hats the legend "H. M. S. Laburnum.

In Open Six Hours.

We had been six hours in the open alongside one after another. Wet and bedraggled survivors were lifted

The scenes of reunion were heart-gripping. Men who had remained strangers to one another aboard the Laconia wrung each other by the hand or embraced without shame. The trail little wife of a Canadian chap-lain found one of her missing chil-dren delivered up from another boat. She smothered the child with raven-ous mother kisses while tears of joy ous mother kisses while tears of joy

streamed down her face.

Boat after boat came alongside.
The waterlogged craft containing the captain came last. A rousing cheer went up as he landed his feet on the eck, one mangled hand hanging limp at his side.

Turs Gave Up Clothing. The jack tars divested themselves of outer clothing and passed the garments over to the shivering members

of the Laconia's crew. The little officers' quarters down under the quarterdeck were turned over to the women and children. Two of the Laconia's stewardesses passed if they felt and spoke like those in boiling basins of mayy cocoa and my boat—were more than mildly anx-aided in the disentanglement of wet

and matted tresses.

The men grouped themselves near steam pipes in the petty officers' quarters or over the gratings of the engine rooms, where new be had from the upward blasts of heated air that brought with them the smell of bilge water and oil and sulphur from the bowels of the ves-

Injured Put in Bunks.

injured-all minor cases, sprained backs, wrenched legs or mashed hands-were put away in bunks under the care of the ship's

Dawn was melting the eastern ocean gray to pink when the task was

the officers' quarters, now inraded by the men, somebody happen ed to touch a key on the small wooden organ and this was enough to send some callous scafaring fingers over the keys in a rhythm unquestionreligious and so irresistible under the circumstances that although (Continued on Fifth Page.)

OVERALLS

Union- 75 c Made

ivingstons 908 7th St. N. W.

The PALAIS ROYA

Reproductions of Imported Hats
BY PALAIS ROYAL MILLINERS. VERY SPECIAL

at \$5, \$6 and \$7.50



The new Spring fashions-better than usual \$5.00 to \$7.50 hats-just in time for "the Inauguration." It was way over there—first a trembling quiver of silver against the blackness; then, drawing closer, it defined itself as a beckening finger, although still too far away yet to see the first although still too far away yet to see narrow ribbons, bead ornaments in high colors and, of course, flowers galore. And the cute, small high-

if the hat is to be made in time to wear on "the Fourth" please don't defer a visit. Tomorrow should be the day to call.

UNTRIMMED HATS, \$1.50 \$1.98 \$2.50 \$3.00 \$3.50 Trimmed By Palais Royal Milliners—a Guarantee of Best Possible Results

The hat can be selected to harmonize with suit or dress—here in rose, chartreuse, African brown, rose, "Pull starboard, sonnies," sang out gray, violet, gold, blue, citron, sand and black. And just the shape to suit the individuality of the wearer, kers literally bristling with joy in the while following Fashion's vogue. To select from are all the new shapes, small, medium, and large. Materials include hemp and lacquered chips. But it is the restate and large. rials include hemp and lacquered chips. But it is the variety and expert and sympathetic service of the Palais Royal milliners that make the selection of a hat here so satisfactory. Palais Royal-Second Floor Parlors-6 Elevators.

A Splendid Showing of

KID GLOVES In All New Spring Styles and Colors.

on, you men." like a dice player wooling the bones—led us to believe that our lights had been seen. This was brown and pearl, with Paris-point stitching and one-row stitching. 2-clasp Overseam; white, black, tan, gray and champagne. 1-clasp Wash-\$1.50 able White Doeskin.....

KAYSER'S SILK GLOVES

The Palais Royal has long been looked upon as headquarters for Kayser's Guaranteed Silk Gloves.

The Palais Royal has long been looked upon as headquarters for Kayser's Guaranteed Silk Gloves.

The Spring season of 1917 finds a full stock here of the new gloves at all prices, from 50c to \$2.00 A dozen flashlights blinked of the new gloves at all prices, from 50c to \$2.00 per pair. Specials as follows:

Silk Gloves with guaran-teed finger tips. All white, black, and colors, When I look back on the night, I don't know which was the more hazardous, our descent from the Laconia gray, pongee, and tan.

AT 50c-Kayser's 2-clasp AT 75c-Kayser's 2-clasp

AT \$1.00 Kayser's 2-clasp and 12-button Silk Gloves, "Queen Elizabeth," in white, with black and white only, duaranteed finger tips. CHAMOISETTE GLOVES

At 75c Better than chamois skin—these Fabric Chamois Gloves—because uniform throughout and most desirable. White—washable—the most practical as well as the daintlest in appearance.

Silk Hose Best Colors Special 59c Per Pair Spring poems in colors pink, sky, verdure, green, cell, blue, navy, ivory, champagne, fawn, the scarce shades of sliver, gold, gray, bronze, black, and white.

With double soles, high heels, and liste garter tops, these Silk Hose will compare with many re-tailing at 75c.

Street Floor, near Eleventh Street Door.

Kayser's Underwear Women's Union Suits, low neck, sleeveless, tight and umbrella style; lace trimmed and shell; also envelope chemise, white and pink, ordinary and extra sizes, reinforced.

Special at 59c and 65c

\$2.00 and \$3.00 Corsets Special \$1.49 Tomorrow

The third floor shelves are cleared of "brokes lots"—and this street floor table is allied with real bargains. All sizes in one style or another, from it to 33. Included are new models, lacing both from and back; long and recitum hips, and low and medium bust models, of white and fiesh coutti. Some have elastic section at bottom of skirt, double boned throughout, with rustproof steels.

\$2 to \$3 Corsets at Only \$1.49

Palais Royal-Street Floor

A GREAT SALE

aboard. Women and children first Offered in three important lots-was the rule. at prices that mean two yards for the usual price of one yard. While quantities are large, the demand will be great, and an early re-sponse is imperative. On sale to-morrow morning—at 3 o'clock.

Cork Filled Linoleum

Felt Back Linoleum Because they are remnants we offer in tomorrow's zale genuine cork-filled linoleum, in lengths of 2 to 3 is yards, plenty to match up, also felt back linoleum, in lengths up to 15 yards, all in new tile wood and conventional designs, 2 yards wide, at only 29c sq. yd. Because they are remnants we

Palais Royal—Second Floor— ew Building.



Battleship Linoleum 85c Sq.

U. S. Government Standard 1-4 in.
and 3-16 in. thick: plain brown or
green, in two to six yard lengths.
Colors all match, so that you can
cover large rooms with these
lengths, and after the seams are
cemented the appearance will be
uniform.

Best Inlaid Linoleum 95c Sq.

Standard at \$2.25 Sq. Yd.

Best quality grade. A straight line inlaid linoleum, in pretty interlocked stone effect, choice of blue, green, or terra cotta, lengths up to 10 yards; plenty to match up for cull size rooms. full size rooms.
Palais : Royal—Second Floor—
New Building.

Basement Store

The four leading attractions on tomorrow's Bar-

gain Tables are told of below Children's Amoskeag Gingham Dresses SPECIAL 98c TOMORROW.

Of a standard Amoskeag cloth, guaranteed fast color, in a wide range of neat checks and a variety of plaids and color combinations; some with pique fronts, all full plaited, many are trimmed with fine embroidery edges and large collar effects, considering the materials, the best value we have offered. Expensive looking Dresses at a modest price. Sizes 5 to 14. Special at 98c.

Genuine "Heatherbloom" Petticoats SPECIAL \$1.49 TOMORROW.

They come in all black and green, copen, navy and wisteria, made with 14-inch flounce with three small pleated ruffles, also a black Heatherbloom with 14-inch floral flounce. Elastic waist band with "Heatherbloom" on the band of each petticoat. Will outwear silk petticoats and are as attractive in appearance. appearance.
Only 180 in the lot. Special at \$1.49. SPECIAL \$1.79 TOMORROW.

Another genuine Heatherbloom m extra size, black only. In regular sizes you will find attractive models with 16-inch accordion pleated flounce with three small pleated ruffles in black, green, rose, gray, copen, and wisteria. A regular \$1.98 value. Children's Wash Dresses

SPECIAL 59c TOMORROW. Just as mother would have them—with plenty of material, assuring width of skirt, etc. And of gingham in attractively colored stripes that will prove laundry-proof. So with the needlework! And feshionable styles—with laced front, Copenhagen blue collar and cuffs and pleated skirt. Sizes liberally made =6 to 14 years.

Very special at 59c.

Palais Royal-Basement Store

New Spring Suits Special \$15.00 Tomorrow

THE BASEMENT STORE is to demonstrate the possibility of entirely satisfactory Suits—at only \$15.00. This is a low price this season, in view of the higher cost of materials and the tailoring.

THE SUPERIOR TAILORING assures lastingly graceful lines, while the quality of the Peau de Cygne and Brocaded Slik Linings gives the appearance of more expensive suits.

MATERIALS include Poplin and Serge, all-wool fabrics of substantiality and in colors to rely

effects. One model is plaited back and front; another has six deep pleats in back of cost; collars are wide, some with top collar of white silk faille or velour. Many models show many rows of heavy stitching. COLORS-Black, Navy, Green,

Gold, Gray and Copen. We do not claim these to be other than \$15.00 Suits, but they are the best to be had at this price,

majority. A critical visit is requested. Palais Royal-Basement Store.

and considerably superior to the